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The Divine Revealed in the Human

BY ANDREW SLEDD

The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch. Acts 11:26.

An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given to it, but the sign of Jonah the prophet. Matthew 12:39; 16:4. Luke 11:29.

Philip saith unto him, Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and dost thou not know me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; how sayest thou, Show us the Father? John 14:8, 9.

THESE disconnected sentences seem to me to have a certain significant inner connection; and I hope to be able to weave them together, without exegetical violence, in such a way as to suggest that connection, and thus throw light upon the theme, "The Divine Revealed in the Human."

I

The primitive statement of the Christian faith was, "Jesus is the Messiah"—or, for Greek confessors, "the Christ." If "the Christ" had been intended or interpreted in the sense that it bears in the Greek Old Testament when applied to kings, even to Cyrus, as "The Anointed" of the Lord, the statement might indeed have been denied, but it would have been readily intelligible. But "the Christ" was now a personal term, the designation of a supernatural Being; and the fact that the Christian statement thus contained two substantive personal terms—terms at least apparently incommensurate with one another—created no little difficulty, and opened the way for a variety of emphases and interpretations that profoundly affected the future church. One may well suppose that the church would not have arisen, or survived, without this difficulty; and yet it may be that the resolution of this difficulty, at least as far as

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appears in common theory and practice, still leaves something to be desired. I believe this is the case.

The Christ-category was the matrix of the church's sense of its divine origin, mission and destiny, without which it would lose both its identity and its power. But the concept of the Christ itself was not altogether clear, uniform or fixed. In particular, two factors that it generally (I think, always) contained, glory and goodness, were susceptible of diversities both of definition and of emphasis. Ideally, they should be one and inseparable, the goodness both the substance and the manifestation of the glory; but it is at least possible that the glory may be more or less contaminated with alien elements: royalty may seem to have a value apart from its quality, and the hope of rewards may overshadow or vitiate the conditions of their attainment. I believe that this has been, and still is, all too common among us; and it is because I have a deep feeling that this is the case—that, with all good intent, we sometimes miss the proper emphasis—that I have ventured, with hesitation but with hope, to speak to you on this subject.

HUMANITY OF JESUS NEGLECTED

Both terms of our primitive confession needed description and definition; and it was natural that the emphasis should fall upon the second term, "the Christ," because it was the one term available that summarized the description of Jesus and the faith and hope that he had aroused in his followers. Such distribution of emphasis is reflected in our name "Christians" which, though pagan in its origin, was soon taken over, like our other name "Methodists," by those whom it was intended to deride. The ribald Antiochenes, hearing often the name of a certain "Christos" whom believers looked up to as their patron and protector, dubbed the professed adherents of this "Christos" "Christianoi," in the same way as the clients and partisans of Herod, for instance, were called "Herodianoi," Herodians. And thus "believers were called Christians first in [Syrian] Antioch" because the emphasis they put upon "the Christ" made them seem to their pagan neighbors the Christ-party, not the Jesus-party. All the other secular references to the rising movement that we have, few and scant as they are, reflect the same emphasis. In the longest of them, Pliny's letter to Trajan, the name "Jesus" does not occur, though "Christians" is relatively frequent; and Pliny notes that believers sing hymns to Christ, as to a god, with no indication that he ever heard of Jesus.

While the body of believers did not at once appropriate this new name, the emphasis that it indicates was congenial to their thought, as appears broadly in the New Testament itself. Though Paul, for instance, seems to have known more of the historical Jesus than is sometimes allowed, we could construct, at the best, only a very sketchy picture of Jesus from the Pauline material. His chief emphasis is upon the risen and exalted Christ, the heavenly object of the believer's faith, as may be sufficiently indicated by the fact that the word "Christ," alone, occurs more than twice as often in the single epistle to the Romans as the word "Jesus," alone, occurs in all the Pauline letters. Our very name "Christians," therefore, reflects the early emphasis that was put, both within and without the church, upon the second substantive in the primitive statement of our faith, "Jesus is the Christ."

II

But this emphasis was a process of describing the better by the less known—which was modified, but not reversed, by the gospels; and it issued in momentous consequences.

1. It tended to obscure the Jesus of history, the Man of Galilee, and substitute for him the celestial Christ, the Man from heaven.

This tendency assumed concrete and deadly form in the wide and rapid spread of Gnosticism in Christian circles, especially in the second century. For this dualistic system, when applied to the still plastic Christian tradition, quite did away with the reality of the identification, "Jesus is the Christ," and reduced the Jesus of history to an insubstantial phantom, or to the transient abode of the heavenly Christ.

The earliest form of our Apostles' Creed was struck out in the heat of the controversy thus precipitated, and was part of the answer of the church to the Gnostic teaching. It is for that reason that it lays so much stress upon the physical features of Jesus' career, and has nothing to say of the most precious facts of the Christian experience and life. Even the article on the virgin birth, as I understand it, was not originally designed to emphasize divinity—that was not in controversy; but was rather intended to assert humanity, while protecting divinity: Jesus, the Christ, was really "born of a woman," as Paul says, and was, therefore, really and truly human. This article, like the other primitive elements in the creed, was the church's counterblast to the Gnostic effort to drive a wedge between Jesus and the Christ, assigning humanity to the one and divinity to the other. And it is instructive to observe that, in this early and crucial controversy, the Church Catholic was the champion of the true humanity of Jesus Christ to save it from being obliterated by an erroneous interpretation of his divinity. Divinity was not at issue: there church and Gnostics were at one. But the Gnostics said, Jesus is human, the Christ divine: to which the church replied, Jesus *is* the Christ, and that complex is human as well as divine—with the necessary consequence of being obligated to interpret the two terms in consonance, and not in contrast, with each other.

GNOSTICISM IN A HIGH HAT

But though the church formally repudiated the Gnostic system, and branded its adherents as heretics, its own system, as often happens, was deeply, if unconsciously, colored by the system that it repudiated. And even today, some of the supposedly Christian teaching that we hear, trusting in itself that it is righteous and despising others, seems to me to be at bottom nothing more than Gnosticism disguised in a prince albert and a high hat.

Some time ago I was giving a short course on the Gospel of Mark to a group of ministers and Sunday school workers, and I asked them to prepare a brief paper on "The Influence of Environment and Training in Shaping the Character of Jesus." Two of these papers—by a husband and wife who had been attending

a certain Bible institute more or less noted for what is erroneously called "fundamentalism"—said that his earthly training and environment had nothing to do with the formation of his character: "he was God, his environment was heaven," and his earthly experiences had no part in the matter.

When I suggested to the writers that that statement was a practical denial of the humanity of Jesus, and that whatever difficulty was involved in the dual description of him as "very man and very God" could certainly not be solved, in conformity to the church's teaching, by simply thowing away one of the terms in the supposed interest of the other, they were quite unconvinced, and were rather disposed to think that I was pushing them into that "modernism" which they were

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determined at all costs to avoid. Thus is indicated how some of the elements of Gnosticism, once branded as a heresy, have not only survived in the church, but have assumed the dress and dignity of the strictest orthodoxy.

ETHICAL ATTRIBUTES MADE SECONDARY

2. It tended, as an aspect of the very process of magnifying the celestial Christ to the comparative obscurement of the human and historical Jesus, so to stress metaphysical attributes, such as omnipotence and omniscience, as to reduce ethical attributes to a relatively secondary place.

But this process is really an impairment of the most distinctive factor in the higher Hebrew-Christian interpretation of God, and of his revelation of himself to men. For the deep distinction between our Christian faith and other theistic faiths does not lie in the metaphysical attributes of the object of our devotion, nor in the possession of a sacred book, temples, priesthood, ceremonials and creeds—all these we share in some degree with other theisms, ancient and modern. But the characteristic and distinctive feature of the higher Hebrew-Christian tradition lies in its conception of God in terms of moral character, and the consequences that flow from that conception. As Robertson Smith said a good many years ago, "Jehovah is the only God who ever had a character, in the sense of a moral will, consistently directed to the realization of a moral purpose." "God is good" is a more distinctive and significant statement, in the Hebrew-Christian tradition, than "God is powerful" or "God is great."

That being true, we should expect that, in proportion as Jesus Christ is conceived as revealing God, these distinctive ethical elements would be primary in that revelation; and that we Christians, who "see the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," would see that glory as goodness rather than—or as a superior concomitant with—greatness and power. For the greatness of God is, distinctively and supremely, his goodness; and the goal of his revelation of himself is the exhibition of that goodness, and the persuasion of men to apprehend and reproduce it. Jesus is the exemplar, the demonstration, the embodiment of that goodness, not as ethical theory, speculative and remote, but as moral insight and energy made concrete and objectified in a moral will wholly devoted to the knowing and the doing of the Father's will. We shall find nothing loftier or more divine than that; and I am persuaded that we shall come nearer to the truth if we forsake the practice of defining Jesus in the metaphysical terms of the Christ and rather define the Christ in the ethical terms of the lowly and the loving Jesus.

SEEKING AFTER A SIGN

But it is still too often true that "an evil and adulterous generation"—meaning by "adulterous" unfaithful to God, as a woman may be unfaithful to her husband—"an evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign," supposing that some unusual physical manifestation is a better proof of divinity than spiritual insight and moral energy. And when we read on, "there shall no sign be given to it but the sign of Jonah the prophet," and begin to interpret these words, we feel disposed, if not actually constrained, to follow the interpretation given in one of the passages in Matthew where the words appear and where "the sign of Jonah" is connected with his three days in the whale's belly and prophetically signifies Jesus' three days "in the heart of the earth."

Some of you may recall the discourse of a distinguished visitor which we heard some years ago on "The Inspiration of the Scriptures." When he came to the book of Jonah, whither he was led by the supposed necessity of considering the difficulty of the prophet in the whale's belly, one might have concluded that the literalness and the credibility of that incident was the most important feature of the book. Ignoring all the factors that make that little book one of the most remarkable and illuminating books in all the Bible, he devoted most of his time to an effort to show that a whale (or "great fish") could swallow a man, and that a man, if so swallowed, could live and act as Jonah is said to have done

in the whale's belly. On those two propositions rested the inspiration of the book of Jonah. And the argument was clinched by appeal to the interpretation given in Matthew's Gospel: if that incident were not true, it could not have been so interpreted by the inspired evangelist as a prophecy of Jesus' three days in the heart of the earth. On any other basis, not to mention the question of the infallibility of the evangelist, we should lose one of the great prophetic proofs of the resurrection of our Lord.

But, in fact, the sign of Jonah is to be found elsewhere, and much nearer to ourselves. Jonah was a messenger of God to a great and pagan city, and that city repented under his preaching, and thus, in the comprehensive mercy of God, escaped the judgment that Jonah had been commissioned to proclaim against it. But now, in the case of Jesus, "something more than Jonah is here": a new and higher messenger of God is delivering his message to the chosen people, who make their boast of God, but they will not hear his messenger. The prophet Jonah, his mission and its reception—in that familiar but unappreciated story lies the sign that Jesus offers to his own contemporaries. The spiritually sensitive might see it, and thus be led to a better and more worthy attitude toward God's new and greater messenger, who was "a sign" to his own generation as Jonah had been to the Ninevites; but to the spiritually obtuse "the sign of the prophet Jonah" was either an unresolved enigma, or at the best could only be found in his three days in the whale's belly.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE

I would not speak disrespectfully of the long line of devout men, from the compiler of Matthew to our guest speaker, who have so interpreted the sign of Jonah; but such interpretation seems to see God rather in the physically unusual than in the deeper and distinctive realm of moral and spiritual values, and thus to be of a piece with the original demand for a sign that Jesus answered with the sign of the prophet Jonah. Remember the experience of Elijah at Horeb, "the mount of God": "a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice"—a sound of thin silence. "And it was so, when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out, and stood in the entering in of the cave"—to hear what God the Lord might say to him. We too might well listen, with spirits receptive and responsive, for the still small voice; and in the "sound of thin silence" hear the voice of him who is spirit, and whose worshipers must worship him in spirit and in truth.

3. It tended to interpret even the Incarnation in the same divisive terms—divinity on one side, humanity on the other, not both fused in a new and abiding synthesis.

Whatever else may be said of the Incarnation, it must be maintained that its essence is not contrast, but synthesis, of the human and the divine. The divine is not imposed upon the human, and may not be put off, as one puts on or removes his coat. The synthesis is vital, not formal; essential, not fictional: the culmination of God's progressive self-revelation in ethical and spiritual terms in an actual integration of himself with humanity in the man Jesus of Nazareth, himself in the very bosom of humanity, as much very man as very God, a single and indivisible personality at once human and divine. "The Word became flesh, and dwelt among us"; and it is in the *quality* of this humanity, more particularly in the spiritual insight and moral will that are the center and essence of this composite personality, that the divine is objectively and empirically revealed, "full of grace and truth."

Once we have seen Jesus, it is faithless and futile to say with Philip, "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." For "he that hath seen me hath seen the Father." The color of the personality of Jesus—if I may use so vague a phrase—is the color of the personality of the Father; and there, if anywhere in this mortal state, we must see God, not apart from, but in, humanity such as this.

HONESTY IS DIVINE

I am suggesting to you that *honesty is divine,* though I can almost feel the protest, "Honesty has something to do with religion; but it is absurd to say that it is divine." But it "has something to do with religion" because it is divine. Honesty and simplicity, tenderness and sincerity, unselfishness and service, loyalty and love: such qualities are more deeply and distinctively divine in the proper Christian sense than rending earth or falling stars. Jesus with the children in his arms; Jesus, the friend of publicans and sinners; Jesus, the compassionate, the faithful unto death: in the agony in the Garden, "Not my will, but thine, be done"; in the anguish of the crucifixion, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do":—Brethren, "Behold the Man"; aye, and in the Man, behold also God!

Here is the revelation of the divine (remember the sign of Jonah the prophet, and Elijah on the mount of God), conformable to the distinctive and best in the higher Hebrew-Christian tradition, in terms of character, incorporate, incarnate, in human personality, in the very bosom of humanity. And as, by the grace of God, through faith in Jesus, we take on the lineaments of this character, we become "partakers of the divine nature," and find in Jesus Christ both "the Captain of our salvation," and "the first-born among many brethren."

This is our faith tremendous:
  Our wild hope who shall scorn?
That in the name of Jesus
  The world shall be reborn.

III

I am far from proclaiming to you a humanistic salvation: I think that is a self-confident delusion. I do not diminish, I magnify, the divine. But I appeal to you to reconsider the definition, and relocate the center, of the divine. Christianity is not "just another system of ethics," but ethics—*love*-ethics: from "God is love" to "every one that loveth is begotten of God, and knoweth God," this is its heart; and without its ethics, "though it have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though it have all faith, so as

to remove mountains," it still is nothing—a priestcraft, a thaumaturgy, an expiring superstition.

As in the individual, so in the Christian society, the divine is revealed in the human as spiritual insight and moral energy. If the church—our church—should make the Christian ethics—I dare not say as attained, but as honestly aspired to and sought after—the determining condition of church membership, it would doubtless be much disturbed within itself, but it would recover its intrinsic dignity and vindicate its high claim to be of God. And if it should make the application and extension of this ethics the supreme object of its corporate expression in the world, it would become much more disturbing in a society that cannot assimilate the terrific dynamic of Christian ethics without being shaken to its foundations, and in the very desperateness of its struggle against the forces of evil it "would renew its strength like the eagle; and run and not be weary."

But the church that is at home in, or comes to terms with, an unregenerate world is a defeated church; and sooner or later the remorseless years, and the remorseful Spirit, will write over its crumbling doors, "Ichabod," for its glory has departed.

Think It Not Strange!

By O. W. S. McCall

Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial among you . . . as though a strange thing happened unto you. I Peter 4:12, 13.

THE Christian man holds no brief for moral prudes or prigs, or for unctuous goody-goodyness, and he is not interested to defend them when they become disliked and shunned. Indeed the horror of being ranked with them has too often carried him to an opposite extreme, until in his strain to "keep in" with popular favor he gives up things that no good man should surrender. It is, however, my business to show here that whoever is committed to the good life must be prepared to be disliked often, and that sometimes a man can be thought well of only by being renegade to his manhood. If, in his loyalty to goodness, he suffers for it, let him not think it strange. In the nature of things what else may he expect? He is to have the mind in him that was also in Christ Jesus. Very well. Recall what this involves.

I

Consider the following aspects of it.

First, *Truth and Beauty.* One aspect of truth involves honesty in facing life, honesty in facing one's self. Jesus declined to regard no prospect, however unpleasant, if truth demanded that he see it. The cruelty, the meanness, the unsavoriness, the despiritualization and heartbreaking foolishness of human life he looked upon with grave eyes and refused to pretend that life was other than it was even though what he saw bowed his spirit in shadows within him.

It is not so with most men. Most men, we fear, have little real love of truth. What is pleasant they will see, the thing that they desire they will represent as right, they will cry "Peace, peace," when there is no peace, just because they would like to think there is. In every man's heart is the criminal lawyer anxious to make the man his client. He will ask to know what it is you *want* to have proved and straightway he will select such material as will help toward that end, he will reject whatever might defeat it, he will be unscrupulous and unblushing in the biased and perverted "evidence" that he will present to the jury of the conscience, and by special pleading he will carry a verdict there which may prove how desperately clever he is but which will not be according to truth.

From our deep dishonesty and refusal to face truth in ourselves and in life, there arises a whitewashing of the thing that is black and an inverting of righteous standards. When Satan falls from the presence of God he gathers his dark hosts about him on the burning marl of hell and proceeds to justify his devilish deeds. You will not think it strange if abuse should overwhelm one who, in the interests of truth, should arise there to give to Satan's lies the lie.

It is not in the nature of things that truth should be popular with falsehood even when, as in the case of Jesus, utterly frank facing of life as it is is combined with a golden and enthusiastic belief in life as it might be. For Jesus believed in men. If he saw their baseness he saw their glory too, and spoke much of a kingdom, a kingdom of noble and God-found souls, which he would have men share.

But truth is not all. There was beauty also. Love of the beautiful decidedly characterized the mind of Jesus.

I might take you to a carcass lying swollen on the plain and bid you see the crawling life in it, there in the sun: life living upon death; and it would be the truth. But it would not be beautiful, and no healthy mind would thank me for the experience. Even if the interests of science, of truth, should require your presence there, nevertheless the ugly aspect of the truth would repel you if your mind loves the beautiful.

The ugly facts of human life were not shunned by Jesus, but he hated them. It was the beauty in human life that he loved.

There is a world of difference here between the man who loves ugliness and the man who loves beauty. We have known in our time certain "biographers" who, in their clamorously published loyalty to "truth," have dedicated themselves to the unnatural task of bringing filth up from sewer darkness out upon the town's main streets and parading it there for general inspection. Digging around the feet of our great men, our Washingtons, our Lincolns, our Gladstones, they have returned from their tunneling to declare with many a gleeful Oh, ho! and Te, he! and Ah, ah! how ill-based upon common dirt have been the idols of our veneration. Had they but had it in them to confess the dismaying discovery in tears we must have feared that it might be true, but such conspicuous ease of obscene suspicion, such undisguisable pleasure in the unhallowed, revealed nothing except such writers' love of ugliness.

One would give them no mention did they not represent all too well a certain spirit in our time. It varies in degree, but it is the spirit of the lovers of the ugly. There are social ways that are ugly, types of dancing that are ugly, and there are manners, personal manners, that are ugly. Nothing that is ugly has anything in common with the mind of Christ, which loves the admirable, the chivalrous and elegant: the beautiful. A few nights since I listened to an orchestra blaring vulgar noise while young people danced. It was jazz at its coarsest.

Now I ask you to see what I am about to indicate without drawing across the trail red herrings of extenuation or exception by telling me what features of jazz may be commendable, what examples of it may be innocent and all that. It will scarcely be denied that in thousands of dance rooms up and down the country, in Europe as well as here, prolonged now through the entire lifetime of millions of young people, there is and has been the music known as jazz. It has been the prevailing fashion, and its notable characteristic has not been beautiful. Rather it has gathered up the coarseness and crudity of life, life's ignorance, banality and selfish, jungle ferocity, and has bawled and roared, thumped and stamped in discords, in blatancy and passion, these twenty years. It has been the disastrous gospel of unrestraint. It has apotheosized Noise and has trumpeted the godlike qualities of Clay. The tom-tom of the savage has throbbed in it.

As I listened to it the other night, once more I realized how much its influence has been demoralizing to everything that we were seeking to build up in the Christian church. The two things are opposites. Yet our young people have breathed this sort of thing, this travesty of beauty, for years; it has been allowed to concentrate its disastrous and disintegrating power upon them, and their elders have allowed it, shared it, approved it on the all-sufficient, unchallengeable, sacrosanct, and completely justifiable grounds that it is the vogue! The *vogue!*

But in the glowing name of Him who had an eye for loveliness beyond that of Solomon in all his glory, what have Christian men to do with fashions if they be not admirable, if they do not maintain the heroism, the dignity, the excellence and spirituality of life? Christ tunes himself to the Everlasting Beauty, he confers with the imperishable perfections of God, he makes his own the beauty that has broken the heart of man with longing since the world began, and for *this* our beautiful Lord shall still most beautifully stand and most beautifully be acclaimed when ten thousand years more shall have sped their course and a thousand thousand fashions of the moment have had their butterfly day and ceased to be!

Howbeit, let the Christian man dare to be loyal to this mind of Christ, let him cultivate this respect for beauty and conscientiously repudiate whatever tends to perversion, coarsening, distortion and baseness; let the Christian man but be loyal to the excellence that his own heart has known, and he must not count it strange if he find a "fashionable" world turning upon him with outcry and scorn! Think it not strange if resolute loyalty to beauty sometimes makes one an outcast from the hour's ugly vogue!

II

Second, *emotional sanity.* Richly emotional, the sagacious mind of Jesus was at no time the victim of such emotional wildnesses as are disturbing and depleting life so extensively today.

Consider our American scene. Was there ever such an emotionalized state of man? Look in upon our banquets and our parties and see the spectacle of unnumbered social groups who do not begin to know how to enjoy themselves without calling to their aid the emotional stimulus of hard liquor. The fierce history of alcohol in all our western world, its mischief-causing power, weighs little enough with those who must achieve, by hook or by crook, excitement for sluggish or jaded senses, and who know no better way. Thus men, whose hearts would otherwise seem to be kind, consent to forget humanity, that larger interest, in the smaller interests of their social group; and though their intelligence ordinarily would appear not deficient yet they confess it so by this making of strong drink the minister of their emotional life. Look also upon the widespread resort to certain types of dance for an unwholesome heightening of emotion. In much conversation, in much that the people read, in much that is looked at upon the movie screen, there is the same threadbare, wearisomely drawn out theme of sex, sex, sex.

Miss Edna Ferber, coming back from Europe some time ago, lamented the decadence of American youth. Set though America is in the greatest moment of time, and in the greatest geographical opportunity in history, where soberhearted youth with vision and command might turn the course of history and prove to be the savior of mankind, we talk football, dance and party, we play at life and jibe at goodness, and exhibit to the world a younger generation which is "twelve years old permanently," and the characteristic reaction of which to the great problems of life and of the world is summed up in the phrase "Oh, yeah?"

Of course, a whip cracked in Miss Ferber's words, and whips cannot be popular. Popular, popular, there it is again! Always we must be *popular!* A multitude leaped to protest her. Yet doubtless the burn of her lash did not harm. Where its touch was most just doubtless it was least felt, and the shame of it lost in sophisticated guffaws and wisecracks. "Twelve years old permanently!" The slavish take the stroke without resentment. But where there are rudiments of manhood, where some fine thing lies latent, there men start up with cheeks suffused, their spirits flaming in their eyes, resentful in rebellion.

No ascetic was Jesus. Tidal in emotion was he on occasion. No quenching of fine ardors, nor starving of the blood's generous currents was his way. Nevertheless in his emotion he was sane. It was his way to sublimate emotion to great ends: the enthusiasm of humanity, the passion for the spirit, for righteousness, for justice, for liberty, for God! Enthusiasm, passion: here is emotion, but what vast themes are these to which that emotion is given! God, the noblest, highest light men have seen,

the conception most hallowed and most brave: think of a man being dedicated to that!

It is written of Paul in Athens that "his spirit was stirred in him, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry." Not by the excitement of the great games then? not by the thrill of marching soldiers? Yes, perhaps, for there would be nothing discreditable in these, and Paul's writings show traces of the power that soldiers possessed to kindle him. He had the martial spirit, as has many another who is not, would not, be a soldier, but he dedicated it, that martial spirit, not to the slaying of his fellow men but to the fighting and the slaying of those things in men that were making them unworthy of themselves. Stirred, then, by such things he probably was. But the great thing worth recording

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surely was rather this: emotion stirred and roused him as he, representing the great God and Father of mankind, felt there in Athens, the very home of ancient culture, the terrific challenge of paganism. That is the sort of stirring that only true souls can know!

I wonder what young men there are—there must be some—who, while wholesomely moved by football scrambles and by marching music, experience their sublimest, different and most determining emotion in a higher realm. I wonder what the hills and streets record of young men provoked and self-dedicated as they perceive, whether in city or on campus, hosts of men and women sold to mad idolatry. We are not left wholly without young people who can feel the awful challenge of our time and we have more of them now, I think, than when Miss Ferber wrote. I wonder what the listening stars hear as young men and women contemplate the appalling fact of many millions of people unable to find work and desperate in their need of life's necessities for their families and themselves, poor in a country of wealth, hungry within the maddening sight of wasteful plenty, destitute though able and eager to work. God! this could not be if Christ's kingdom had come!

But where youth swears itself to a tireless discontent until remedies be found, where youth's heart rises burning, sobered, and ready to pledge itself as one who has come to the kingdom for such a time as this, there one sees youth in emotional sublimation, sanity and greatness. And it is in this sort of feeling, this sort of emotion, that young people draw near to Christ, sharing that emotional elevation of his, which, as with many of his followers since, led him to the cross indeed, but which also made him the Savior of the world.

III

Third, *kindness*. Surely we have something here, in kindness, which only a devil would deny is of the very essence of great nature, both human and divine. Kindness: he is a monster who will not recognize that it is his duty to illustrate it in himself, to dispute for it in all the forums of mankind, to maintain everywhere its right of way.

Very well, dispute for it. Debate for, and insist upon the reign of this generous and proper temper. Dispute? *Debate* for kindness? Why, wherefore? Is there then resistance to it anywhere? Ah, you forget that kindness as a sentiment may win universal approval but that kindness as life's law still roams an outcast in the earth. Vote steadily for kindness in business, vote for remembrance of the man crushed to the wall, or crowded out, or forgotten in the great business race. Yes, vote for kindness there and see how far your benevolence will be approved from the moment that your kindness really begins to affect "profits." Talk kindness in the teeth of race prejudice at a time when the flood of feeling is angry and against you; talk kindness between nations at a time when "patriotism" has all the flags aloft and the world is filled with its shouting. Talk kindness, the kindness of Christ, and mean it, and then find what it costs in this world to be kind.

Yes, considering all that is implied in the mind of Christ, "think it not strange" if your loyalty to it cause you sometimes to be evil spoken of!

IV

Therefore it is time I pointed out that the very first and the preliminary note of the Christian life is heroism. Of the Christian life, not of Christian doctrine, thinking or sentiment. There is a distinction between the patriot who, heartily agreeing with a war, fights its battles with much verbal warmth and energy in the homeland streets and parlors, following the campaigns closely and ardently on paper, and the patriot who adds to all this a practical enlistment of himself for service and danger. One is the sentiment of patriotism; the other is the life thereof.

Such distinctions must be made also in the realm of the Christian religion. Exhortations to moral greatness and to resolute endurance in its cause may come inexpensively enough from such a pulpit as this, but when

they come from the heart of a bloody Roman persecution they are full of heroism: "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial among you . . . as though a strange thing had happened unto you." The one who wrote that in order to strengthen resolution in the presence of Roman ferocity was fighting no paper battles. This man was in the trenches. There was the zip and the ping of bullets in the air, and the sudden shock and burn of bullets in the flesh. He was like a captain saying to a soldier feeling the smart: "Think it not strange! What else do you expect? You didn't come here on a picnic, did you? You knew the terms when you enlisted, there is nothing to cry about. This is war! Nothing strange has happened to you, *c'est la guerre!"*

There is doubt as to whether this persecution fell during the reign of Nero, or of that of Domitian, or of that of Trajan; I imagine it hurt just as much, whichever. Let the place and hour be indefinite, then: for all I know the persecution may be here and now, in some factory, on some sports ground, in some fraternity, or some social circle. Well, then? You didn't think following Christ was a—just what did you expect it was going to be? Did you hope to be "carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease"? You enlisted in a great controversy, didn't you? When the pangs of the enemy's retort quivers through you will you suddenly suppose that some strange thing has happened to you?

You are in the blood of humanity like the white corpuscles in the bodily stream—you are dedicated to health. If there is infection in the blood, will you count it strange that suddenly there are antagonisms and that you must fight unto the death for the health you represent if the whole body is not to succumb to poison?

Not less than Garibaldi's appeal to the young men of Italy did Jesus represent the stern terms of the campaign: "Soldiers, what I have to offer you is fatigue, danger, struggle and death; the chill of the cold night in the free air, and heat under the burning sun; no lodgings, no munitions, no provisions, but forced marches, dangerous watch posts and the continual struggle with the bayonet against batteries—those who love freedom and their country may follow me."

So Jesus, when they dreamed of thrones and rewards in Jerusalem, corrected their naïve hopes: "I go up to Jerusalem to suffer many things!" And he challenged them, "Are ye able to drink my cup, to be baptized with my baptism? *Are ye able?"* Yes, yes, young men and women, old men and women, the primary note of the Christian life is heroism.

V

Therefore it remains for me to say that Jesus never expected to achieve anything except by men who had experienced an awakened inner life. Alas, what inner life have some? Bundles of impulse, instinct, nerves; pulled at, shoved and twisted by whim, by companionships and every other sort of stimuli, dashing here, dashing there with no more modulation, purpose or order than a chipmunk! Then it is that morals lack creative quality, lack conviction, and lack resource. Jesus was right in bringing the emphasis chiefly here, centering it upon personality. He would have the man rise up reborn within himself and gain control, his hand placed strongly on the reins of these dashing and fiery coursers that will shatter him if he learn not to master them.

Behold, then, what vast transactions Christ would have in the life of every man!

1. *Meditation,* without which no man can sound life's depths but must forever stay upon its surface. Meditation, reflection, by which the soul gains space to grow!

An Englishman pays tribute to what Sir Arthur Eddington, the Scotch scientist, has contributed to our thinking. He says he "has immensely broadened and deepened our vision of human history, of the past of the human race. He has expanded the history of man to astronomical proportions, tracing its roots far beyond the boundaries of what has happened on our little earth into the depths of the stellar universe. Man is unquestionably a child of the earth, a product of the evolutionary process which has gone on since the earth came into being. But if you stop there, as the Darwinian stops, as the geologist stops, you have only traced the first step of man's pedigree. For the earth itself has an ancestry which carries it back over unimaginable aeons to the time when the morning stars first sang together. Man is the offspring of all that." But, I shall add, what man ever saw such a vision, ever thrilled to the majestic consequence of this our life which somewhere, back in the incalculable profundities of the past, was born of the mind of God—what man ever was moved by the greatness of the human spirit unless he had made himself able to grasp such a thought by some species of meditation?

2. And next comes *obligation,* the acceptance of the responsibilities of those meanings you glimpse in the hour of your reflection.

3. Third is *consecration,* wherein a man gathers up all that he is and, sacred as a burnt offering, consecrates it to the Thing that he has seen.

Thus would Christ wake up a man's inner life and make him adequate. Then the man reverses truth and beauty; then he mounts to emotional sanity; then he is committed to the reign of kindness and to all else that is in the mind of Christ. But let him not, in a world like this, count it very strange if from time to time he finds himself forsaken and reproved. The servant is not greater than his lord!

Not only has science great achievements to its name, but, as someone has remarked, religion also has its victories, victories that have come to the human race by no other means, victories over life, over suffering and over death. Go to the palace where young Gautama, the Buddha, makes his great renunciation, if you would realize what is meant; go to the prison cell where the cup of hemlock is carried to the lips of Socrates, and go to the garden of Gethsemane. On a thousand lesser fields religion has been tested, triumphing over life, over suffering, over death, and lifting to new relief and coronation the imprisoned splendors of man.

But if, in your fidelity to this high theme, you find yourself involved in some fiery trial, count it not strange, my brother, count it not strange!

New Bottles for New Wine

By Melvin B. Wright

Neither do men put new wine into old wine-skins: else the skins burst, and the wine is spilled, and the skins perish: but they put new wine into fresh wine-skins, and both are preserved. Matthew 9:17.

ABOUT one hundred years after Columbus discovered the new world, Giordano Bruno destroyed the old one. For centuries, man had labored to build a house not made with hands, a world-view, a temple of tranquillity in which his soul could sit at ease with confidence. He had observed the ebb and flow of the tides, the phases of the moon, the coming of winter and the return of spring, the framing of each day between a roseate sunrise and a golden blazing sunset. Like a Taj Mahal, this palace of contentment, of understanding was a thing of beauty; though it was not destined to be a joy forever. And it was just this quality of foreverness, of finality, that the structure lacked. There was new wine a-making in the presses of the Infinite, and there must be new bottles to contain it.

Giordano Bruno was a religious man, a priest of the church, near Naples. He was perfectly oriented in all the creed and dogma of his day. Until the ferment of the new wine stirred his soul, and catapulted him out beyond the limits of the fixed stars, the heavens had rested upon the mountains, and the seventh heaven, beyond it, was the palatial abode of Almighty God.

Bruno's mental escapade had been preceded by a no less phenomenal feat on the part of a Pole, named Copernicus, who, with the heave of giant shoulders, had thrown the center of the universe some ninety million miles from its accustomed resting place. Copernicus, too, had felt new wine stirring in his soul. While the center of the universe remained in the earth, there were too many problems for which no solution could be found. When he moved it to the sun, lo! the message which God had written in the starry heavens became more legible to mankind.

A MENTAL HERCULES

When a mental Hercules throws a burning sun around the heavens like a ball, it is little wonder that he would set the world on fire. With a thundering crash the ancient pattern of the universe fell into the abyss of oblivion, and threatened to engulf the philosophic and religious structures which had rested so securely until that hour. For his pains, of course, such a dangerous man must suffer imprisonment, if not death. But Copernicus had fashioned a new wineskin, able to contain more of the universe than man had heretofore encompassed.

Bruno called himself the "Awakener," and eventually suffered the fate of most of the old world's brave spirits who assumed the role of Chanticleer for their generation. Humanity does not like to be stabbed awake, especially by the crash of falling worlds and the roar of crumbling institutions. When roused from comfortable dreams and delusions it usually sees red, and strikes out blindly, if perchance it may avenge itself upon the disturber of its slumbers.

But Bruno had a draught of new wine, fresh from the cup that God had placed to his lips. Thus far, man had never tasted it before, because he had no bottle in which to contain it, desirable as it might be. Bruno said that "he had swept the air, pierced the heavens, sped by the stars, and passed beyond the bounds of the world." Perhaps in his mad flight he passed by, without observing it, that spot later marked by Einstein, where space and matter become identical. He said, "The world is eternal and there are an infinity of worlds." I am aware that these revelations are but cradle songs and nursery rhymes to our sophisticated generation. In those days they were new wine. Their strength and virtue transformed the old world into a new world, but not until men had devised new bottles to contain them.

NEW REVELATIONS OF SCIENCE

When Bruno returned to the company of his fellows and shook the stardust from his wings, he had made a most significant contribution to both science and to religion. God who had been comfortably housed in a little heaven, where man could always locate him, had suddenly been released from his prison-house, and now, if he were anywhere, he was everywhere. Indeed, heaven itself was in part upon earth.

Old wineskins were never made to bear such terrific ferment, and the human race is proverbially reluctant to fashion new ones, for the process requires arduous restatements of doctrine and dogma, laborious readjustments of thought and practice. It often requires the absolute renunciation of that which, heretofore, has been a fundamental tenet. To make any concession to the new wine would seem to be a recanting of previous beliefs. Hence Giordano Bruno with his frail body lighted another beacon fire in the streets of ancient Rome, to warn posterity that old bottles are much more precious than new wine. Men did not propose to have their time-crusted bottles fractured by new vintage, and they had no disposition to capture the new in suitable vessels.

When Bruno bowed his head to receive his sentence of death from the inquisitorial powers, he was heard to say: "In greater fear, perhaps, do you impose this sentence upon me than do I receive it." Out of leaping flames his soul sped away to dwell eternally in joy and fellowship with the God from whose cup he had sipped ambrosia. We are the inheritors of a universe that he purchased with his life blood, but his spirit he could not bequeath. The world still offers the privilege of dying ignominiously, though gloriously, to all who bring new wine in new bottles to the market place, be it on Mars Hill, Capitol Hill, in Wall Street or Hull House.

We have a word from Jesus apropos of a similar situation. He was feasting with his disciples, some tax-collectors and irreligious people. In the course of the dinner conversation, someone asked why he associated with the irreligious, and another asked why he was feasting while the Pharisees and others were fasting. To the first he said, "I did not come to invite the pious

but the irreligious." To the second he said in substance: "One does not go to a wedding to mourn. This is the time for feasting, not fasting." By way of making his meaning clearer he said: "No one sews a patch of new cloth on an old coat, for the patch will tear away from the coat, and make the hole worse than ever. And people do not put new wine into old wineskins, for if they do the skins burst, the wine runs out and the skins are spoiled. But people put new wine into fresh wineskins, and so both are saved."

In this simple manner, Jesus justified his conflict with the orthodoxy of his day. Old things are not to be revered simply because they are old, but are to be used only so long as they are sufficient to the needs of the hour. He was the pioneer of that small but brave company who have sought to capture his spirit of discernment and penetration. With bold strokes and craftsmanlike skill, he separated the wheat from the chaff, the facts from the fictions, the vital from the nonessential.

Jesus was himself the new wine incarnate. In what did this heady draught consist? Primarily, it was a new concept of God—a new attitude toward the Creator of the universe. For him, the tribal deity of his ancestors had become the universal God of mankind. Thus the foundations were laid for a brotherhood of man. No longer could the spirit of the Eternal be confined to the Holy of Holies on Jerusalem's hill. No longer could the Father of all limit his favors to a chosen few. Here indeed was new wine, but there was no disposition on the part of his contemporaries to provide the necessary new bottles. So the trail blazer met the fate of many of his predecessors, and hosts of his followers.

He hung upon a cross against the sky. He came to save a world from its folly, and it spent its fury upon his weary body. Slain as a criminal by his contemporaries, custodians of the old wineskins, which contained nothing save the stain of that which was once new wine, he has become the best loved of all the sons of men. Born a carpenter's son, he died a Son of God. His unselfish character, his Godlike personality have become the goal of aspiration for countless millions through two thousand years.

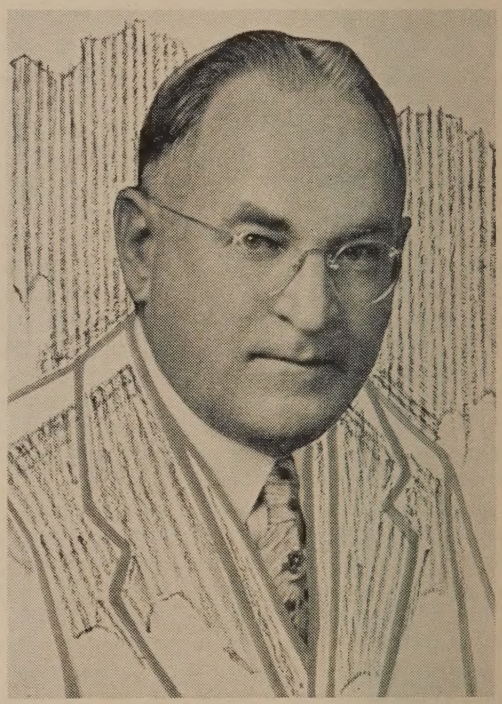
His last word was one of solicitation for the welfare of those who broke his body. His ministry had counseled a variety of new adjustments in human relationships, not the least of which was the virtue of love toward enemies. It was the wine of life in a new container, to which they would give no place. Did not the ancient skins decree, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth? This cup which he had offered others would not escape him in the critical hour. Was he able to drink of it? Humanity will always cherish this evidence of his divinity: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

NEW WAYS OF LIFE FOR TODAY

But these are his achievements, and there is no magical formula by means of which we may appropriate their glory and virtue. In spite of all that he did, the necessity will come pressing in upon each generation, to make new bottles for the new wine of today. He was our Master and Teacher. He taught us the new way of life, but only we can live it.

We live in an age of whirring wheels and flying wings. Our political, social, economic and religious concepts are largely survivals from the past. No more eloquent testimony to the need of new bottles and new wine could be found than the desolate condition of human society today, at home and abroad.

Democracy is threatened because the purchasing power of gold is more potent than human integrity. Our economic system has crashed because it was based on greed and avarice. We killed the hen that laid the golden egg. Our social order is disrupted because the strong and cunning prey upon the weak and ignorant. Our religion lacks power and prestige because its eyes are turned toward yesterday rather than toward tomorrow.



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Now politics, religion and economics can no more be eliminated from an intelligent world-view than can God himself. These are simply names for group behaviors functioning in various directions. There are prophets in our midst who proclaim, with perfect sincerity, that the only way out of our confusion is a return to the old bottles and the old wine. There are others who believe that God has not yet spoken his last creative word. He pours out the wine of life anew in each generation. If we can be so confident that the odor of sanctity and divine approval hang over certain deeds of our ancestors, may we not still have confidence enough in God to believe that he will speak again to contemporary men?

WHAT ABOUT THE CONSTITUTION?

We are hearing much about the sacredness of our American constitution in these days. We pay tribute to the minds in which it was born, and to the pioneers

whose sacrifices made it secure when it was less popular. Time was when it was new wine, an experiment in self-government which the keepers of the old wineskins predicted would fail utterly. We shall not forget that under the provisions of this lofty document, human slavery was possible. The constitution lives today because it has been remodeled from time to time to meet contemporary needs. The time will come when the original constitution will be only a preamble to the host of amendments to which it will owe its perpetuation. We will have government, and its powers and functions will continue to be conceived in new terms. Ever since we became a nation, one hundred and fifty-nine years ago, congress has been perpetually engaged in keeping the constitution up to date by enacting new legislation. In some respects we are still far behind the needs of the hour. God, give us men who can conceive life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in new forms, so that it will be accessible for all of our people. What mean such phrases to the fifteen million who daily lift their idle hands and cry for bread? Just this, that the richest nation in the world can also boast of supporting the longest breadline.

But religion has no word of censure or admonition for either politics or economics that she may not with equal profit apply to the cleansing of her own house. In the swiftly moving world of science and religion that forms the six-day environment of her constituency, the constant query is: "What is new today? What will be new tomorrow?" It is already a social *faux pas* to wear last year's hat or drive last year's car. But in religion, we continue to ask: "What is old, and how old is it?" Like the inquisition that burned Giordano Bruno, that imprisoned Copernicus, like the multitude who crucified Jesus, we love the old wineskins more than we love the new wine. When I say new wine in this sense, I mean a concept of God, of human society and the universe at large that is integrated and adequate.

THE DEAD HAND OF YESTERDAY

Religion can never hope to lead civilization to a better way of life until it has demonstrated the truth it would teach both politics and economics. It must release itself from the clutch of the dead hand of yesterday. It must reconceive its functions in terms of the needs of today, and reshape its language and vocabulary in terms of the most enlightened vantage points of current thought. What religion needs most is not records of the footprints of yesterday, but blueprints for the footsteps of tomorrow.

God talks with men today as authentically as ever he spake with Moses or Elijah. His truth finds expression on human lips today as it did from the mouth of the prophets, though the sense thereof may be as different as feasting is from fasting. It must also speak in a language, and in terms, that Moses and Elijah and the other prophets could never know.

For twenty centuries the church has been binding up the wounded along the Jericho road of civilization. This we shall not cease to do, and pay the bill; but our wine must be put into new bottles, our strength set to function in new forms of service. The church must lead civilization in a moral crusade that will destroy the robbers of all kinds who infest the modern Jericho road, and despoil us of our life, our liberty and our happiness. One of the most fruitful services which the church can offer to any generation is a serious attempt to help each succeeding wave of youth to find new bottles in which to capture the wine of life, new forms of thought and action into which its energies can be poured.

Finally: that was a significant moment when God challenged a Galilean carpenter to live as though he were God's son, as though the will and purpose of God were his very own. It was equaled only when Jesus consecrated his life to the task of making new bottles for new wine, as he said: "I have come to do the will of him that sent me, and to accomplish his work." Are we able to drink of his cup? Can we follow in his train? God grant it.

The Missionary Motive

By John A. McAfee

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. John 14:6.

THE missionary program of the Christian church is in a bad way. Not alone is there diminishing financial support, but also an abating of interest and a cooling of missionary ardor. This no informed man can deny. It is a fact; and the only thing to do with any fact is to face it fairly and squarely. In considering "The Missionary Motive" I suggest that we take together five steps.

I

The abating of missionary interest is only a symptom. The wise doctor takes symptoms into account, but he always looks deeper. He is never satisfied just to treat symptoms. In the lingo of the medical profession, there is first diagnosis, determining the cause; then prognosis, the endeavor to foresee the outcome; then, and then only, therapeutics, the application of the remedy. If we treat lagging missionary zeal as the disease we shall but go from bad to worse.

Last week I was called to another city, to what I fear is the death-bed of one of my fellow ministers. As I came into his room he mumbled my name and tried to raise his right arm that once again, as so many times in the past, he might grip my hand. But he could not lift his arm. Now no amount of attention to that arm would ever restore its power. That good wife, who stood beside him, would have worked with that arm hours without number if thereby she could have restored it. Well she knew that no amount of massaging of the muscles or stimulation of the nerves would avail. The trouble was with his brain. The arm could never be cured unless the affection of the brain could be cured.

Rightly the leaders of the Christian church are turning their most careful thought to missions. The situation they, and we, face is appalling. As one of our leaders recently put it: "Our fathers prayed for open

doors; we pray for grace to enter doors that stand open around the world." Every conceivable thing must be done to set the church to this task and to hold the church to it. We shall, however, give but temporary relief unless we realize that what is so obvious in the missionary program is but a symptom, a symptom of a disease, the roots of which strike deep, and which will, unless it be checked, write "Ichabod," not only over the work abroad, but the work at home as well.

II

The disease is in the home church. If it be at all in the foreign field it is because it has been carried over as an infection from the church here.

I know, I think, all of the arguments and explanations

John A. McAfee

any man can make, arguments practical, philosophical and theological. I have heard them hashed and rehashed ad infinitum, ad nauseam, and always they have seemed to me to be quite beside the point.

The past summer in the beauties of the Rockies a group of ministers, pastors and teachers came together quite unofficially to talk over the missionary situation. There were about twenty of us, from widely divergent sections of the country and from several denominations. Of the pastors, I think I was the one with least experience and the minister of the smallest church. With us, also quite unofficially, was one of the secretaries of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. He asked us for a very frank and straightforward expression of what we considered the real trouble was. The usual explanations were given. Yes, the depression came in quickly. What a scapegoat the poor old depression has proved to be! Surely it has sins enough of its own without carrying yours and mine. Lack of confidence in the administrations of missions was presented. A professor in a theological seminary seemed to think this was the main trouble. It seems that the administrators did not handle things just as this brother, in his omniscience, thought they should be handled. Of course, the caliber of the missionaries was played up, or perhaps down. These and all the rest so familiar were brought forward to account for the present lethargy.

I confess to you that as I sat and listened to man after man from large and wealthy and influential churches explain the cause of the present missionary slump, my blood ran hot. Every man there, at least every man there capable of clear thinking, knew that the trouble was not primarily with depleted financial resources, nor with the missionaries, nor with the administrative officers. They knew that these were used to form a smoke screen. They knew that the trouble was in their own churches. The disease is in the home church. I knew—I would not say this for another man—I knew why the disease was in my own church. I recalled the words of Paul of the Corinthians: "For if the trumpet gives an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?" Mark you, I am not saying that the failure of the churches of my brethren was due to their lack of leadership. I say this only of my own church. I do say, and I believe it with all my heart, that the real trouble is at home. The disease is first evident in that arm of the church which should be so strong, the arm that reaches out to our brothers beyond the confines of our own country, but the disease is in the home church. It is in the brain—and the heart—of us.

III

This disease, of which the present plight of missions is but a symptom, and which is in the home church, concerns the place of Jesus Christ. The missionary motive is impaired because we have failed, and are failing, to give him his rightful place. He said to Thomas and the others: "I am *the* way, *the* truth, and *the* life: no man cometh unto the Father but by *me*." We have acted as if he said: "I am *a* way, *a* truth, and *a* life: *one* way to come unto the Father is by me."

It was an unerring instinct that led Dr. Robert E. Speer, that great leader and doughty protagonist of missions, to write his Gay Lectures and his Stone Lectures on the place of Jesus. Those lectures have been published in an authoritative book entitled "The Finality of Jesus." Dr. Speer saw that the thing that was severely injuring, if not indeed cutting, the nerve of missions was the place given by the home church to Jesus Christ.

Other symptoms of this dread disease are all about us. It is a tragic thing that churches are struggling along financially. The story of the churches today makes sad reading. We are simply not honest when we blame the bugaboo, the stringent financial situation, for all of this. It is due to the failure to accord Jesus Christ his place. Again it is a tragedy that our churches are so unfruitful, that more men are not won to Christ in a year. Another symptom! The fact is that Jesus Christ does not mean a great deal to us. Yes, we accept him. We are on more than bowing acquaintance with him. We give him, through the church, what money we can conveniently

spare. We give him a small portion of our time and strength. We have, however, lost our zeal and our enthusiasm. He has become for us a leader and a symbol. We do not fall down before him in tears, crying from our hearts: "My Lord and my God!"

Thus Dr. E. Stanley Jones put it in an article published under date of November 15, 1933: "The basic question is whether we have sufficient certainty to be able to share what we have. It is at that place that the greatest decay has set in. We haven't sufficient certainty to be able to convert. That basic uncertainty, that fading out of positive and living convictions is more responsible for the decay of missionary giving than any other single factor." I believe he is right.

It is historically true that when the supremacy of Jesus Christ has been called in question the church has been impotent. The old story is being repeated once again in our experience today. We have been told to practice tolerance. We forget that tolerance can be both one of the fairest of virtues and one of the foulest of vices. Tolerance is not enough.

Why bother people about Jesus as Savior? They are getting along very well. We shall give them the advantages of our science and our philosophy and our Christian ethics, but shall not trouble them further. Do we believe that Jesus Christ is *a* way or *the* way? This, so it seems to me, is the real question. It is a lessening of the grip on the reality and supremacy of Jesus Christ that is destroying the missionary motive.

We shall not go far until we conceive of him as of the only begotten of the Father, until we can say with F. W. H. Myers:

> Christ is the end as Christ was the beginning:
> Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

Whether or not the use of words of the old creeds is not so important, it is vitally important that Jesus Christ shall be, not one among many, but the One altogether lovely, very God of very God. In him was life and life was the light of men.

IV

The church which exalts Jesus Christ, not in creed only but life and action, will be a missionary church. There will be no slightest question about the missionary motive in a church vitally alive with the spirit of Jesus Christ. Once the anemic condition of the church at home is remedied, all will be well. There may remain some questions about the wisest and best way to carry on the program, but the questions will have to do with ways and means only.

We do not do well to speak of "home missions" and "foreign missions." There is just one, *the mission* of the church, whether that work be carried on here or elsewhere. The work is one and remains the same as it did when in 1904 John R. Mott said: "The primary work of the church is to make Jesus Christ known and obeyed and loved throughout the world. By far the larger part of this undertaking is among non-Christian nations."

You and I have no authority to limit the work. Jesus Christ must be supreme everywhere. In the words of the Jerusalem conference: "Either it is true for all or it is not true at all." You will recall the words of the Apostle Paul to the Colossians: "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all and in all." Jesus Christ transcends and transforms all barriers, racial and national—neither Greek nor Jew, ceremonial—neither circumcision nor uncircumcision, cultural—neither Barbarian nor Scythian, social and economic—neither bond nor free. But Christ is all and in all.

Thank God that in the past the vitality of the church was strong and missionaries were sent forth. If it had not been so, you and I and our children would today be bowing down in superstition to wood and stone. How can any man in the home church say he does not believe in foreign missions? Foreign missionaries came to our ancestors. We are the result of missionary activity.

A few weeks ago the Presbyterian church at Highland, Kansas, celebrated the ninetieth anniversary of its founding. That church began, just ninety years ago on the free soil of Kansas, as a project of the Board of Foreign Missions.

You will recall the old story of the Duke of Wellington. One day a minister came to him and asked if he thought foreign missions should be carried on. The Iron Duke said: "What are your orders?" The minister quoted the great commission. "What!" exclaimed the Duke, "those are your orders and you discuss doing it?" To a man whose first instinct was to obey an order it seemed treason to debate the matter. So it is!

Not only is it the command of the Master, but it is the inevitable outreach of the heart that has received the good news. We shall not rest content—God has so made us that we cannot rest content—until we have done our utmost to share the good news with all men.

Churches, like individuals, grow sour and bitter when their thoughts are always turned inward. The church must give if it is to grow. The missionary interest of a church is a good measure of its spiritual vitality.

I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me. If we have accepted this we cannot rest until all men shall know him, whom to know aright is life eternal. The church which exalts Jesus Christ will be a missionary church.

V

A deepening experience of Jesus Christ alone will vitalize the missionary motive. We are but tinkering at the task until this is done. We have said that the lessening of missionary interest is only a symptom, a symptom of a disease which is in the home church, that this disease is in failing to give Jesus Christ his place, and that the church which does exalt him will be a missionary church. It follows, then, that only the deepening of the experience of Christ will heal the disease and make strong work of missions. In a letter recently sent to all of the ministers of his church by the moderator of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church, he said: "The supreme need of the hour is spiritual power. Other needs, great as they are, sink into insignificance beside this challenging and imperative need. It is true that our age has more comforts, but it lacks satisfaction; it has more ease, but it lacks peace; it has more science, but it secretly hungers for God in Christ."

If the cause of Christ is not to suffer, we must have a more intelligent interest in all of the affairs of the kingdom. We must give our money and our sons and daughters. But, above all else, we ourselves need a deepening experience of Jesus Christ. The place to begin the revival of missions is in our own hearts. If our experience is real it will not easily exhaust itself. We must remember the words of Zwingli: "A Christian man's task is not to talk grandly of doctrines, but always to be doing hard and great things with God." Note he did not say "for," but "with" God.

Once again the church must be called back that it may give Jesus Christ his place. Before the church can go very far, either at home or abroad, there must be a richer and deeper experience. We cannot all describe that experience in the same terms. Most of us cannot describe it at all. We can only say to those who do not comprehend:

Oh could I tell, ye surely would believe it!
Oh could I only say what I have seen
How could I tell or how can ye receive it,
How, till He bringeth you where I have been?

One of our great painters, himself not a follower of the Nazarene, drew a beautiful picture of the resurrected Christ breaking bread at Emmaus. In the light of the picture, with the others, he painted his own wife and child. On their faces, as they looked toward the Master, there was awe, worship, understanding. In the shadow he drew his own portrait. On his face there was no light of understanding, but only bewilderment. He could not understand. He could never understand until he came within the light and gave himself to the Crucified One. Then, and then only, would he comprehend.

Missions and the missionary program should be our constant study. Let us, however, never forget that the disease which is hurting that cause is within us. We need men and women who will, from their very hearts, pray the old prayer: "Lord send us a revival; and let it begin with me!"

"I am the way, the truth and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

Doing Something About It

By Henry M. Edmonds

Inasmuch as ye did it. . . . Matthew 25:40.

SOME TIME ago I thought I would write a sermon on "The Two Houses." My idea was to gather up the materials which ought to enter into life's house if it is to be permanent and worthy. In the story one house tumbles in, the other stands unmoved, when the storm comes. One was on the rock, the other on the sand. What is rock? What is sand? "He that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them is likened unto a man that built his house upon a rock." Ah, "these sayings of mine"—that is my answer. The sayings of Jesus—they are the rock.

The sayings of Jesus. So I sat down and read Matthew, Mark, Luke and John to gather up those few foundation stones in the teachings of Jesus, upon which, in this world and the next, men must build, if their houses stand amid all possible crash and wreck of time and eternity. Very good. My sermon was going nicely. I held in my two fists the three or four stubborn, inevitable things that I needed.

But somehow I began to think that it would take careful preparation to put that sermon over. And I read my parable again. Instantly the heart of it jumped at me and knocked my little play-pretties into kingdom come. The story doesn't turn upon the sayings of Jesus at all. Those sayings were present in both cases, equally known and equally prized, so far as we are aware. The contrast lies elsewhere. The point is that one man did something about it, the other did not. Both knew enough, both felt enough, both were handsome enough and gifted enough and well enough born. The distinction consisted in the matter of action. One moved. The other took it out in thought, in sentiment, in close-knit and finely phrased discussion of the whole matter. "He that heareth these sayings of mine and *doeth them*. . . . He that heareth these sayings of mine and *doeth them not*. . . ."

So I lost one sermon and got another. And the one I got stood on two feet and walked. It had blood in it. It shoved me to one side and took control of the situation. Life is action! Strange, isn't it?—strange beyond words—that Jesus should be regarded as soft and sentimental, when all his scorn was unbottled upon the people who mooned about and did nothing. The theorizers and vaporizers were his high particular aversion. He was time's great exponent of the practical. "Do it," he said, "or suffer the fatty degeneration of those who allow the emotion and the word to go unmatched with action." If a thing come not finally to deed, it is a child that has knocked at the gate and been sent back to die unborn.

Salvation by Doing

Move up and down in the gospels and observe how often and variously Jesus presses home his word that the saved are those who do something about it—the ten virgins, the sower, the talents, the feasts, the good Samaritan. In his picture of the last judgment the flaming fire that cuts right and left, dividing the ranks of men, is this: Did you do something about it?

"Thy faith hath saved thee," he said once. But he did not stop there. Emotion must be spoken. Thought must crystallize in words. The full man is more than a dreamer; he is a speaker. Visions are not truly visions until they have been born into utterance. A man is not a believer until he has said so. So the Master adds to faith, confession. "Him that confesseth me before men will I confess before my Father who is in heaven." Is that all? Not yet. Thought must be called out of the wide air and suffer the confines of speech before it is truly thought. The doves must come to their windows. But there is a step beyond speech. It is the final step. It decides all. Without it the beginning tendrils in the others have known no bloom or fruit. Without it the leap has simply failed to land and falls to the abyss. That last step is action. "Not every one that saith unto

me, Lord, Lord, shall enter in, but he that *doeth* the will of my Father who is in heaven." Thought, word, act—faith, confession, deed.

"Life is not a thought, however noble. Life is an action," said Carlyle. And a host of others have said the same thing one way and another, but I did not realize it until I found how clearly Jesus says it. And I did not realize that until I lost my sermon that day.

Paul has more of faith, but listen to this: "Faith working through love"; and this: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God, who worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." God is in us always, as much as we will allow, and when we use him in purposeful and worthy

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action a moral vacuum is created and more of God steals in.

Isn't this what John Dewey has been saying to the teachers of the United States, Mexico, China—we learn by doing—and isn't this the direction of modern education? Isn't this the fundamental thing that Freud and Jung have been saying—that we stay well and sane by doing? Do something about it. The solution for most dilemmas, even of the mind, is there.

Predestination and free grace, to use the old words, have labored together and harried many a head. If we are free how can we be sure that God is going to be ultimately triumphant? If there is a destiny that shapes our ends, why is it not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings? If there is an overruling Providence how can we be free? If there is a maturing plan why aren't we bent to it whether or not? The answer is, Let action get back its native hue and something be done about it. Action gives immediately and unmistakably the consciousness of freedom and just as immediately and just as unmistakably the consciousness either of departing from or of walking in a prepared path.

THE PROBLEM OF EVIL

Men struggle with the problem of evil. How can God be both good and strong and allow evil in the world? There are many answers—or partial answers—but the problem is never really met except in action. How can war be reconciled with the providence of a good God? Do something about it and learn that it cannot be so reconciled. He is waiting on us to damn it forever, while we supinely whine about why and how. How can God let children starve? The answer is, He fain would move through a thousand thousand hearts to feed them. Do something about it. Why floods in a properly regulated world? The answer is a challenge to get busy and tame the rivers. Why drought? The solution lies within the realm of our own action. If we will plow deeper, fertilize more cunningly, put back the forests, impound the waters when they come, lead the little streams about, we shall find ourselves presently in the singing company of God who is still building and who but waited for us. The answer to the problem of evil is, Do something about it.

Discouragement yields to but one thing—action. Even the determination in the middle of the night to do something about it clears the eye, unclogs the skin and starts the heart again. It would be profoundly interesting if some savant of the body could tell us the actual changes in a hundred juices and measure the quickened step of a hundred organs, as the thrilling word comes down from the captain's bridge: "Every man at his post. We are about to attack!"

In Rostand's play, the Pheasant Hen hides the old Chanticleer's head under her wing and the sun rises without him. It is a moment of terrible disillusionment, but instantly he springs away and sends his red cry to the sky "How can you work, when you see your work is without avail?" The Pheasant Hen asks in consternation.

His answer is: "Buckle down to work."

Pessimism cannot live on the firing line. Action drives it out of the blood. It is a significant thing that missionaries in the heart of paganism and social workers in the slums of the great cities are not discouraged about the outcome. They stand with Archimedes and perceive that the world moves.

The artist will tell you that inspiration is built on action. Put your pen to the paper and the words begin. "Work, work, work," says Tschaikowsky. "And on top of the work comes the moment of inspiration." Even in meditation, when the sky opens, the work is the concrete footing far below; and later, when everything else fails, work calls back the august Presence.

BANISHING SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

Action is the cure for self-consciousness. Freedom from thought of self is one of the deep desires of the soul. There is no art without it. The true orator is lost in his theme, the actor in his role, the singer in his song. Action is the answer—having something to do and doing it. Action is the bicycle in motion, the arrow in flight, the soul at home. A woman writer, in a recent

magazine, complains that athletes are bores. She goes on the theory that conversation is the end of life, which it isn't. Action is the end of life. Conversation is the discussion of action, and action itself must be greater than any discussion of it. The poet talks about riding—we ride, says Browning. We turn away from any picture of a woman to watch a girl wading the burn. What ought to be done with the athlete is not simply improve his conversation, but raise the scale of his action—give him something bigger to do than mere bodily exercise. The reason the adolescent is self-conscious is that he has nothing yet to do commensurate with his budding powers. His feet are too big, his hands are in the way, his complexion is bad and his voice treacherous. But sound the call of fire and send him up a tree to reach the upper window and bring back a child. Where now is his self-consciousness?

We never know our own reserves until we respond to the call to great action. Action clears the soul for the inrush of new powers. The capacity for hard work is not genius. But it is always the instrument of genius. It was prodigious labor that revealed Cromwell to himself and Julius Caesar was one of the hardest workers that ever lived. Action reveals, expresses and increases the soul's powers.

And as we should never know ourselves, neither could we ever know God, without action. He stands by, daring us to undertake and to trust him with the issue. We are afraid, we draw back, and we are bound in shallows forever. From Abraham to the hero of this morning, the Titans are saying: "Had I not ventured beyond my powers I had not known God."

RISKING ALL FOR GOD

Indeed the whole matter of faith lies in the exercise of it. The Jordan does not recede until the foot touches the water. The walls do not fall until the faithful have dared to blow their trumpets. "If any man willeth to *do* he shall know." We cannot stand around on the outside and evaluate Christianity. We must try it out. It declares itself only to the reckless adventurer who bets his life on it. "Risking all for God at a clap" was old John Bunyan's way of putting it.

When a man comes to me and says: "Well I just came in to see you. I don't take any stock in what you are talking about, but I am interested in a general way," I find myself asking: "You are not married, I believe?"

Usually he says, no. In the rare cases when he is, I say: "You have no children?"

Nearly always no. And when I ask why—"Oh, well, too much responsibility." Further questions usually reveal the fact that he has not been very long at his present business and that he owns no property.

I believe the diagnosis in those circumstances is that my man has not dared to live. He has accepted no challenges. He has risked nothing. In every department of life he has been a coward. And fear, not doubt, is the opposite of faith. It is so close to truth that one may say with fairness that inaction is the opposite of faith. I prescribe for him simply to get busy with life, to marry, to have children, to enter business seriously, to buy a home, to become a part of the community.

Several years ago I sat opposite a young man on the steamer returning from Europe. He held two degrees from a midwestern university, another from an eastern institution, and was returning from two years' study in Europe on a fellowship in international law. When it came out in the conversation that I was a minister, he said with fine simplicity: "I had religious faith once and I feel the loss of it."

I felt, as I told him, that he had no right to religious faith in any true sense. He had spent his whole life in study, and religious faith doesn't come out of study; it comes out of living. The faith he had inherited and been taught in his youth was not sufficient for him. It never is. It must be re-found, refined and reformed in the fires of a new experience. I urged him to go on with his life, drinking it to the full and daring all things with Christ and let what he called religious faith take care of itself. I remember how he spoke of children.

"I am afraid to go into the experiment of a family," he said. "The laws of heredity are not surely enough known."

Every way he turned he was a coward. He was afraid of life. What he needed was to do something about it.

GREAT DOERS ARE BELIEVERS

It is significant in this connection that men of affairs are apt to be religious. The great rulers of history, the great builders, the great merchants, the great generals would, I believe, show a decided preponderance of faith. It is frequently the men in studies, under shaded lamps, who assure us that we are fools to believe. Not that they are dishonest or seekers of notoriety, but they are immature. They haven't lived yet. Life is the great teacher of religion.

For religion is not an emotion to be enjoyed, not an idea to be entertained, not a puzzle to be solved, not a philosophy to be understood, but a life to be lived.

Sherwood Eddy said some time ago: "Christianity is not believing the incredible but doing the impossible." Faith is not a hot-water bag to keep us warm in bed, but a bugle blast "to turn you out, to turn you out." Faith is not sipping tea in front of an open fire on a crisp afternoon; it is climbing the Matterhorn.

Faith is a crusade—no weaklings need apply. No, I take that back. For we have here a regimen that makes weak men strong and cowards brave.

But, one says: "I am old, broken, spent. Action is not for me." You are mistaken. Action is at heart spiritual. From your bed you may do battle on a hundred fronts.

And at the last you may leap into the next world ready for the noblest and the most effective action of all.

The Drought

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, the Kansas editor, was talking about droughts.

"One summer, during a terrible drought," he said, "a tourist put up one night in a town so dried up that even the trees had yellowed and withered.

" 'Does it never rain here?' the tourist said to the landlord of the hot, dusty hole.

" 'Rain?' said the landlord. 'Why, stranger, there's five-year-old bullfrogs in this here town wot ain't never learned to swim yet.' "

The Church is Not Dying

By George Lawrence Parker

As dying, and, behold, we live. 2 Corinthians 6:9.

THE life history of all institutions runs about the same, and can be put in some such picture as this: In the heart of some genius, or out of the need of a multitude of people, or out of some change in social conditions, or out of some demand that a wrong be righted, or just out of the need of mankind to express its inmost spirit, arises this or that institution. To live together requires law, and law demands government to run it and enforce it; to think requires education and education requires schools and colleges and universities. Music must have its orchestras, its rules and its institutional aspect, even though music is the free untrammeled expression of the soul.

So it is that everywhere ideas are at once captured by institutions. And so it is that sometimes the battle of an idea is not with its enemies outside but with enemies inside its own house. "A man's foes shall be those of his own household." Always there are those who are satisfied to have the institution keep up a good outward show, but have no interest in the inwardness and meaning of the original idea. Hundreds of people go to hear the New York or Boston Symphony orchestras just because it is a good thing to keep up; to own a "box at the orchestra" is a social decoration. Just so is it a social badge to own a box at the horse show. And in neither case does ownership imply any great love of music or horses.

THE CHURCH IS CONTINUALLY RENEWED

Today, as in all ages, the church is in almost this same situation. Not only is this true of the Christian church but it is also true of all religions. Buddha left a church behind him; but there are many Buddhists who are mere Buddhists in name as there are Christians who are Christians only in name; the living blood of every religion grows thin as years go on until it is revived and renewed; and unless this constant renewal and revival goes on there never is any real living church left from any religion.

Today on all sides the cry goes up that the church is dying; the familiar phrases are read in every magazine and newspaper; an article in Harper's Magazine bore the astounding title, "God Save the Church." The writer did not seem to realize that that is just what God is always trying to do; and it is no surprise to God to be told that he must be quick about it.

More seriously still, there are serious-minded men and women who go about dejected and depressed because they think the church is dying. They do not know much about church history, but they see that their boy or girl is flying loose, that all the young people are going wild, that a new world is being born that is not at all like their old world; and these serious men and women come up face to face with the church and say: "In God's name what are you going to do about it? Is the church going out of business, or is it going to meet these new waves of civilization with a new boat properly equipped for the new age?"

OLD FORMS PASS, RELIGION ABIDES

It is plain that there is a thick cloud of pessimism in the public mind about this matter, and men's hearts are sad over it. But before I go into the matter let me make one remark. Those of us who have been working in the church for years have become accustomed to this cry; we have been always, so it seems, sitting by the bedside of a dying invalid; but that invalid continues to live; and like many another invalid this one shows surprising ability to rule the whole household of humanity. Some of us have attended the funeral of the church many times, but my own experience is that in every case so far the mourners have been burying the wrong person. It is a tiresome thing to point out this mistaken identity so many times; and it is with some misgivings that I have chosen the topic for today. But every now and then the storm of gossip and complaint and the noise of wailing breaks out anew, and breaks out so strongly that once in a while at least it is needful to attend to the matter; needful to inquire whether what we fear is the decay of an institution or the vanishing of real religion.

When we say the church is dying, just what do we mean? We must remember here that we are confused by the very richness of our vocabulary, by the very richness of the vocabulary that has grown up around this idea of the church. When we say the church is dying, do we mean that a few superfluous churches are being deserted? If so, we should rejoice rather than weep. Do we mean that men are weary of some of the old forms and institutional habits of the church? But this is a sign of growth and not of decay. To prove that religion itself is dying would involve demonstrating that all social betterment has ceased, that man's heart has ceased to long for God; that kindness has disappeared; that not only were Jesus and Paul mistaken, and Seneca, Plato and Socrates dupes, but also that men of our own age are likewise blinded and fooled; that Tagore of India and Granfell of Labrador are deceived souls; and that our philosophers like Whitehead and others are mere prattlers about nothings.

WILL THE CHURCH DIE?

When the church went into the catacombs to save its life it was easy for many a Roman citizen to say, "Well, that's that; we shall hear no more of that wretched bunch of Christians who thought they could overturn our splendid empire"—but it was out of the catacombs that the church emerged to conquer not only Rome but the whole world. A dying church is the true conquering church; like the death of a seed in the ground, and like the death of a Jesus on the cross. It is only a church that is always dying that is truly showing that scientific adaptation to environment which means new life. "As dying and behold we live" is the cry of all real life; there is no other way. "He that loses his life shall save it." It is the secret of adaptation.

Just now, today, I truly believe that the church is showing more of this adaptability than ever before. She

is refusing the old formulas and the old rules; she is daring to place spirit above temporal power; she is daring to enter the field of psychology and the deep soul of man; she is daring to risk her all even if she makes mistakes in doing it; and in numberless ways she is counting not her life dear unto herself. Out of this vast death she is emerging, not with more power but with something better, the power to die again!

Our question then frames itself in three ways: First, Has the church died? Second, Is the church dying? Third, Will the church die?

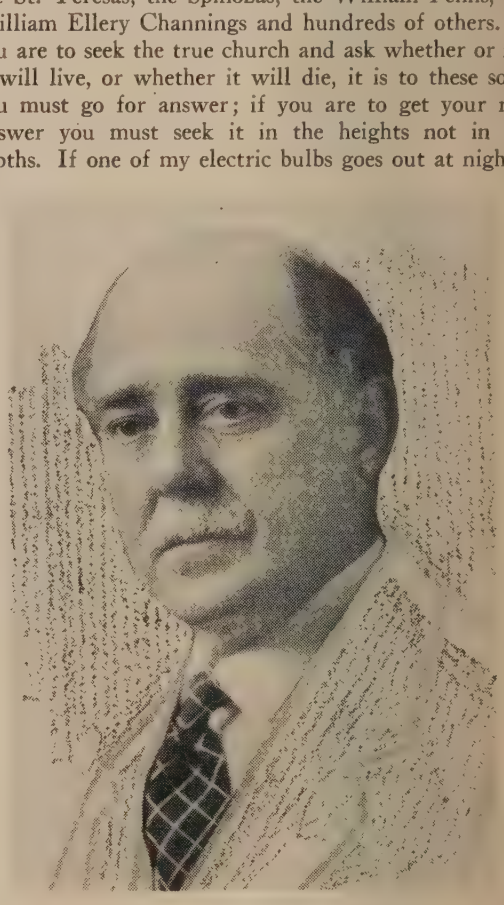
No matter what answer we give to the first two of these questions, it is really only the third form of the question, "Will the church die?" that interests us; that form alone is important.

Protestantism and Catholicism too, as we know them, may disappear; Buddhism, Confucianism, Mohammedanism and the eastern faiths may change their outward form; the new wine of a new day may be too strong in its fermentation to be held in any of these wine-bottles. As the coming of Copernicus and Galileo shattered the old forms of their day so may the coming of Einstein, the coming of undreamed atomic power, the coming of larger commercial and social programs, the coming of deeper psychology shatter our outer forms. To hold fast to the old wharves and docks while the tide is rising means sure wreckage. That the spirit of man will go on without a church to match his new equipment is unthinkable. "More stately mansions" the soul is building all the time; and "leaving its outgrown shell by life's unresting sea" its temple rises with a "vaster dome" than ever before. How petty seem the questions of this church or that church; how small seem the local problems when the great church rises before us! Our old and warm affections, the habits of our souls in their domesticated churches of town and city need not fear a rude shock; not one true affection that hovers about your old family church need be given up; whatever was true and real there can still remain true and real; the only needful thing is to be sure that it was true and real and that it is making us ready for the larger church yet to come.

THE CALL OF A NEW WORLD

If young men and women want to feel the challenge of the new age, want to find courage and inspiration and a dream for the world they must live in, let them not seek that courage and inspiration in the worn-out fires of a fake materialism; nor in the dirty smolderings of a false liberty promised to the bodily passions; nor in the seductive pleadings of a voice that promises all sorts of indulgence without any obligations. They will not find the inspiration of the future here! They will find it rather in the measureless sweep of the spirit's vision; in that vision will gleam the jewels of the insight of Jesus. Where this insight has been truly grasped, even in cups too small to hold it, as for instance in many a country and village church, in many a narrow and binding interpretation, there will be found the beginnings of the church that is to be; a church big enough for all the science of the new age, for all the poetry yet to be born out of new human striving, and for all the new philosophies by which man seeks to question and explain his strange destiny.

This great church will live. It has not a single seed of death in it. It has always lived. It has lived in the hearts of many men whom the institutional church drove out and persecuted. It lived in the heart of Dante when the church exiled him; it lived in the soul of mystics like Augustine whose words could not be understood by his own day. It lived in the Savonarolas, the St. Teresas, the Spinozas, the William Penns, the William Ellery Channings and hundreds of others. If you are to seek the true church and ask whether or not it will live, or whether it will die, it is to these souls you must go for answer; if you are to get your real answer you must seek it in the heights not in the depths. If one of my electric bulbs goes out at night I



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do not conclude that the sun will go out and cease to shine tomorrow morning. I draw my conclusions about the continuance of light from the highest source of light, not from the lowest. If we are to measure the actual life of the church and its possibilities of continued life, we must question its highest representatives and its highest activities, not its lowest ones.

DEATH MUST PRECEDE LARGER LIFE

We must also ask our question with a look more to the future than the past. The church as you and I now know it and have known it may pass out of existence, but that scarcely means that the church as such will die. The United States of today is not the United States as George Washington knew it; its form would in some respects not even be recognized by him. In the last few years our United States has so changed that there are some even of us who say they cannot recognize it.

Of the church it is certainly true that none of the first

Christians would recognize the church of today as the same thing they called the church in the days soon after the death of Jesus or in the early Christian period.

So, looking to the future we may say that this church of today, in all sects, forms and bodies and denominations now existent, will pass away; but that may mean, and I believe does mean, not death but larger life. This is no mere empty optimism; it is no mere wish-dream; it is a fact of life plainly seen in every human institution.

"NEW LIFE OUT OF OLD LIFE"

Nor does this mean that because changes are sure to come we should therefore give up our activity in behalf of the present church as it now exists. Not at all! It means just the opposite. The persons most able and ready to usher in and guide the newer forms are those who most clearly and deeply see the value of the older forms. Any man who discards the present church of today, even with all of its shortcomings, is the last man of all to talk about a new church. The men who have made progress in medicine are those who have continued with the old and been ready for the new. It was out of the old captains and makers of sail boats that our new ocean liners were born. It was out of the old red schoolhouse that our modern universities were born. Everywhere the secret is the same, new life out of old life; new life out of life that disappears. The man who sees the death of the church and shouts about it is usually the one who knows least about it and least about the process of life in general.

There is a summons for the spirit of man sounding today as scarcely ever before in human history. To meet that summons is a privilege laid on the actual present existing church, and on every human soul who cares at all for the future of *our* human family. Pessimism may be a useful corrective of faults but it will not be the final word of one who has eyes to see the gradual coming of the Kingdom of God among men.

A Pastoral Prayer

By Charles Clayton Morrison

O GOD who spannest the ages with Thy purpose, our life beside Thine is but a watch in the night. We kneel in Thy presence unworthy to behold Thy glory or to speak Thy name, yet it is through us that Thy purpose runs and in us that Thy thought for the world is fulfilled. Fellow workers and partners with Thee, we have broken Thy law and played faithless to Thy trust. We have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep. We have loved self and the pride and comfort of the flesh, and have turned our eyes from the realm of the spirit. We have loved the things Thou hatest and hated the things Thou dost love. How shall we whose hands are unclean, whose hearts dwell far from Thee, whose lips speak vain things—how shall we come before Thee? Yet we cannot escape Thee, though we take the wings of the morning. For we are ever in Thy presence and Thou dost evermore draw us to Thyself.

Our hearts are sore beset with darkness and confusion. We sit humbled amid the ruins of many hopes. Even those hopes which we dared to believe were the blossoming of Thy gracious will for us—these lie in broken fragments at our feet. And our hearts are compassed about with fear. The false gods which we have made take vengeance upon us. We had thought to see peace, but the nations make ready for battle. We had thought to see justice, but the ancient cry of the children is swollen now with the muttered resentment of the unemployed who must eat bread that is unsanctified by the toil of their own hands. We had thought to see Thine abundance measured out in fairness to Thy children, but we still have rich and poor, those whose lap is full of privilege and those whose hands are bare. We had thought to gain some margin of freedom from heavy toil so that there might be an open space for growth and the enrichment of the spirit, but though there is leisure it is forced upon men whose pride of craftsmanship is broken and whose hearts are filled with anxious brooding.

When, Lord, wilt Thou save the people? It is with Thee only that our salvation lies. Our human schemes thwart Thy mercy. While men try to save the nation, the soul of the people dies. While men try to save the economic system, the people hunger and the fruits of nature rot. While men go forth to make fresh conquest with sword and gun, with ship and plane, the people's backs bend under the inhuman load which they carry to no purpose. It is what man has done that blocks Thy doing, O Lord. We cover our faces in shame and penitence before Thee.

Visit with Thy righteous counsel those who are in places of great power. The President of the United States and all who share the responsibilities of government—in this and every land. Cast out the demon that has taken hold on many rulers in this day of the people's darkness and frustration. The false gods of nationalism and racialism and military pride and economic blindness and self-interest—cast down these idols which our hands have wrought, and with them the idol of sectarianism which dishonors the holy altar of Thy church. And make a broad place among us for Thy glory that our hearts may rejoice in Thee and our souls and our world be saved.—Amen.

What to Do About Criticism

By William L. Stidger

THE preacher who fears criticism is headed for sure defeat. For there is nothing more certain in the ministry than the fact that the preacher will be criticized from one source or another.

He should comfort himself in the realization that only those who do things are targets of criticism. One of the sayings of my father was that "The biggest clubs lie under the tree where the finest apples grow." The loafer, idler, do-nothing is forgotten in this rapidly moving world but the man who gets things done is watched, appraised and criticized. The man who hesitates for fear of criticism is rapidly outclassed. To hesitate for fear of criticism, either just or unjust, is cowardly. If your cause is right, battle for it, live for it, die for it—but do not be afraid.

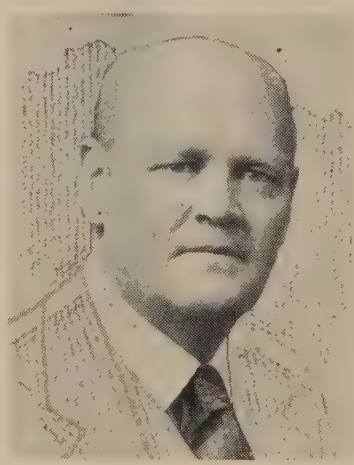
And do not scorn the criticism of those who have had more experience than you. The oncoming generation seem to resent criticism—even to resent advice from their elders; but a little verse I once read will say something in an unforgettable fashion to those of the younger generation who resent advice and criticism from their elders in either the home or the ministry:

A robin exclaimed, "There's the cat!"
But the offspring just laughed where they sat,
And said, "Isn't it nauseous?
Old folks are too cautious!"
And that's how the kitty gets fat.

● *Criticism Saves from The Dumpheaps*

And there's more truth than versification in that little limerick. The preacher, young or old, who refuses to accept advice and criticism is headed for the dumpheaps of the ministry. He is the type who will be complaining vociferously, sooner or later, that "the appointive powers have it in for me and they won't give a fellow a chance."

Preachers should also comfort themselves in the thought that their profession is not the only one which faces criticism. Those of us who played college football will testify that the average coach did not spare the rod and spoil the child. My old college football coach—Branch Rickey, who has since become famous as the manager and part-owner of the St. Louis Cardinals—yelled at me one day, so that all the universe might hear it: "Stidger! You're rotten!" He did not take me gently by the hand, put his arm around me, lead me back of the gymnasium or into some cloistered spot and gently admonish me with soft words. No! He did it right out on the football field with my fellow players looking on, and half the college in the grandstands; and he did it with a vengeance. I took it! I took it because I had to take it. I resented his criticism then but as the years have gone by I have come to know that those four words, hurled at me on the football field, did me more good than any four words ever spoken to me since. Knute Rockne, Fielding H. Yost, "Pop" Warner—few real coaches have been gentle coaches. At least they were frank and open and above board in their admonitions.



William L. Stidger

Their criticism was not what might have been called hidden under a bushel.

Those who set themselves up to be actors must run the gamut of criticism. I happen to know a few men and women in this field and I well remember Ethel Barrymore's reactions when "Scarlet Sister Mary" was first played and the critics got at it and her. She was lunching in my home. She was hurt by the criticisms, wincing under their direct and, in many cases, unjust thrusts. I commiserated with her and shall never forget what she said: "All actors have to learn to face and profit by criticism. When we put on a new play it is an anxious time—but it may be a profitable time if we have sense enough to learn something from the critics. I try to!"

● *How a Great Singer Learned His Art*

Not only actors, but those who sing have to face the deluge of criticism. I recently heard Roland Hayes tell of the first recital he ever gave in Symphony Hall in Boston—a recital engineered by himself because no responsible organization would take the problem of arranging a premier for a Negro singer! I have heard him tell a dozen times how he studied the criticisms that appeared in the Boston papers; how he took each negative sentence word for word, pinned it up in his mind and then worked laboriously to rectify his mistakes.

He has told me how his old ex-slave mother, while they were living in Boston in two rooms, would come in from the kitchen while he was practicing and say: "What did you say, Roland?"

"I was just practicing, Mother."

"But what did you *say*, Roland?"

"I tell you I didn't call you—I was just practicing, Mother."

"But what did you *say*—Roland? I couldn't understand a word you said. Speak every word you sing so distinctly that anybody and everybody can hear your words—all of them."

And Roland Hayes tells me that he learned how to speak his words distinctly from his old ex-slave mother, who never had a day of schooling. But she taught him how to speak distinctly every word and syllable that he sang, so that critics now say that his enunciation is better than that of any other tenor in America.

When a painter hangs a painting, when a composer sends forth a piece of music, when a man writes a book or a poem, when a dramatist constructs a play, he sits back and waits—waits for the criticisms. And he usually does not have to wait long. The composer, singer, writer or actor who has the good sense and poise to learn from real critics is a wise artist.

● *Great Leaders Can "Take It"*

Napoleon always told his attendants to wake him if there was bad news but to let him sleep if there was good news. Washington had a host of critics on his trail constantly. We all know that Presidents Hoover and Roosevelt have had a child's paradise, compared with Washington and Lincoln, as far as criticism has been concerned.

And we all remember that old story of the delegation which went to see Secretary Stanton about a certain matter and told him that they had the President's order. Stanton replied: "Well, then, the President is a fool."

The delegation returned to the white house and told Lincoln what Stanton had said. Lincoln replied: Did Stanton say that I was a fool?"

The delegation replied: "He used that very word, sir."

Lincoln smiled and said: "Stanton is usually right. If he said that I am a fool I must be one. I will slip over and see him."

Lincoln actually did go over to see Stanton, and Stanton convinced the President that he was wrong in the course he was following; that it was inadvisable. And Lincoln changed his course.

Phillips Brooks was attending a theological seminary in Virginia. His class was engaged in practice preaching. Brooks preached on the theme, "The Simplicity That Is in Christ." When the time came for the class criticism one student said rather frankly: "The sermon had very little simplicity in it and no Christ."

But that did not stop Phillips Brooks from preaching. It did not disturb him unduly; although it did give him pause for a day or so, according to his own confession. But it did not upset him and it did not stop him from going on to honor and glory in the ministry. It probably did him a great deal of good for, if ever there was a minister who became great in his simplicity and who preach Christ, that preacher was Phillips Brooks.

We who are in earnest about our ministry ought to thank God for sincere, honest criticism.

A friend of mine left the ministry and went into the business world. I met him after he had been out of the ministry for ten years. I said to him: "Just what advice would you like to give to ministers after your experience in the business world?"

● *Where the Ministry Can Learn from Business*

He replied: "Just one word, and that is to thank God for criticism. The average minister doesn't know what is good for him. I used to resent it if a single member of my board disagreed with me, or objected even to some small phase of my program. I sulked and went home miserable and unhappy. In fact, that was the reason I left the ministry. To use the phrase of contemporary life: 'I couldn't take it!' But I have had to learn to take it in the business world. Now when I go to a board of directors with a plan for which I am responsible I know that there will be a perfect barrage of criticism. Every weak point in my plan will be sleuthed out. When they get through with that plan it will either be shot to pieces or it will be made invulnerable through their criticism. It took me a long time to learn to take that brutal and honest criticism. But now that I have been in the actual business world for ten years I have learned to be eternally grateful to a board of directors for the most cruel criticism they can give me. It may mean the difference between success and failure. That is the one thing I have learned in the business world which I never learned while I was in the ministry—to take criticism and profit by it. If I had known that lesson I would still be in the ministry—and—I would like still to be there.

"I had to go into the business world to learn to accept criticism," he said. "As a minister I had been catered to, carried around on a golden platter so long, been praised by women so much, that I had come to the place where I felt that I was infallible and that nobody had any right to criticize me; that when they did they were my enemies. But business has taught me better than that. The best friends a real executive in the business world has are the men who are the most severe with him in a board of directors' meeting. No man in the modern business world can survive who does not have such frank and honest criticism; nor can he survive unless he has learned to 'take it'!"

● *Disarming the Critics*

Poets, singers, composers, dramatists, painters, actors, football players, business men—all of them have to take criticism through the regular channels; so why should preachers feel that they are being persecuted if a little criticism comes their way?

This is one of the pragmatic problems of the minister If he refuses to accept criticism, that does not mean that he will be free of it. It will be bandied about behind his back. But if he will honestly and openly accept it in the spirit that Lincoln accepted it from Stanton and McClellen, from newspaper editors and politicians, he will disarm even his worst critics. I would go far enough to say that the average man's ministry is made or broken by the way in which he invites, accepts and profits by honest criticism.

LOYALTY

OBEDIENCE is a virtue. But free good will is a higher virtue for which the habitual practice of obedience to law prepares the way. Not mere obedience, but intelligent and cooperative good will, is what God expects of those who accept their status as his children by confessing him as their Father.

Another word for this attitude is loyalty. Not loyalty to institutions as such, whether flag or country or church, but loyalty to persons, whom institutions exist to serve. Not loyalty to an abstract ideal, but loyalty to Jesus, in whom the ideal is made concrete and personal; and loyalty to all other persons, seen in the light of Jesus' teaching as our brothers; and loyalty to our own wider selves, which are one with them. He in whom such loyalty has become second nature, through his schooling in obedience to rational law, is no longer a slave or a child. He is a grown son, free, loving, and beloved, in our Father's house.

Russell H. Stafford.

A CREED FOR COOPERATIVE LIVING

I believe in good will.

I believe that good will is the divinest activity of the spirit of man, the wisest method, and the most powerful force in the realm of human relations.

I believe in my neighbor's sacred sovereignty over his own life. Therefore I will not trespass on his domain or seek dominion over his ideas or conduct.

I believe in the good will of my neighbor; I believe that he is trying, according to his light, as I am trying according to mine, to do what is right and good.

I believe that truth, like a sphere, has an infinite number of sides, that it is vaster than any man's vision, and greater than any man's opinion.

I believe, therefore, that I see some truth which my neighbor may not see, and which I must in fidelity pursue. I believe equally that my neighbor sees some truth which I may not see, so I will be open-minded and catholic.

I believe that I have more defects in manner, speech, disposition and temperament than I can detect or am willing to own. Therefore it ill becomes me to be too sharp a critic of my fellows.

I believe that humor is one of the major gifts of God. I hope for my sake that my neighbor possesses it; I pray for my sake and for his that I may have enough of it to laugh at myself, and to smile at that in others which makes the solemn rage.

I believe that the happiness and success of my neighbor are as important as my own. Therefore I will seek in behalf of others the same things that I seek for myself.

I believe that in our economic world the welfare of a part is not to be found apart from the welfare of the whole. Therefore I will seek that order which promises to produce the fullest measure of justice, liberty and opportunity for all.

I believe that this world which science has made into a community must now be made into a neighborhood. Therefore I will seek to be fair to people of other nations, to free my mind from narrow prejudice, and to grant to other peoples and races the same rights and privileges that I claim for my country. I will further seek to establish methods by which reason and the spirit of good will may be used to adjudicate differences among nations, confident that peace on earth can be maintained among men of good will.

I believe in Eternal Good Will; that there is in this universe a creative Spirit which prompts, inspires and sustains men who are engaged in the adventure of brotherhood, thereby building a finer and fairer world, emptier of denial and fuller of hope for all mankind.—The late Jay T. Stocking in *Advance*.

WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE

Rev. ANDREW SLEDD *is professor of* New Testament in Emory university, Atlanta, Ga. He is an A.M. of Harvard, Ph.D. of Yale and holds many honorary degrees from various colleges. "St. Mark's Life of Jesus" is one of his books. He is in great demand as a preacher throughout the south.

Rev. HENRY M. EDMONDS *has been for* more than twenty years pastor of Independent Presbyterian church, Birmingham, Ala. The present sermon was recently delivered at the Sunday Evening Club in Orchestra Hall, Chicago.

Rev. MELVIN B. WRIGHT *is pastor of* Woodland Baptist church, Philadelphia, Pa.

For more than 15 years Rev. JOHN A. MCAFEE has been minister of the Westminster Presbyterian church of Topeka, Kan. He is president of the Wes minster foundation of the synod of Kansas, and for th past three years has been executive secretary of the Kan sas council of churches.

Rev. GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER *is mi* ister of the Unitarian church at Keene, N. H.

Rev. WILLIAM L. STIDGER *has held n* merous Methodist pastorates and is now professor preaching at Boston University School of Theology.

Rev. O. W. S. MCCALL *is pastor* First Congregational church, Berkeley, Calif. He is a Australian by birth and early education. He came America in 1921 and has been in his present pastorate eve since. He is the author of "Cardinals of Faith," "Th Stringing of the Bow," and other books.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

W. H. MARBACH, First Presbyterian, Pontiac, Mich. "The Friendly Faces of Old Sorrows." Psalm 119:71 —"It was good for me that I was afflicted."

ALLAN WRIGHT CHALMERS, Broadway Tabernacle, New York. "What Is Important to You?" John 2:19— "Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up." Psalm 137:6—". . . if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

HERBERT B. HUDNUT, Bellevue Presbyterian, Pittsburgh, Pa. "When Sainthood is in Flower." Heb. 6:5—". . . those who have tasted the power of the age to come."

CARL E. DAWKINS, Baptist, Canisteo, N. Y. "Amplifiers." Matt. 10:27—"What you hear in a whisper you must proclaim on the housetop." (Moffatt)

JOHN F. C. GREEN, Congregational, McKeesport, Pa. "Salvation by Destruction." Psa. 78:34—"When he slew them, then they inquired after him; and they returned and sought God earnestly."

RICHARD K. ORR, First Presbyterian, Bathgate, N. D. "Hearsay Religion." Job 42:5—"I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee: Wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes."

ARTHUR HOVERLAND, Belmont Avenue Methodist Episcopal, Youngstown, O. "Soul Therapy." Psa. 103:1,3— "Bless the Lord, O my soul . . . who healeth all thy diseases."

J. A. WEST, Methodist, Cuba, Mo. "Repealing the Gospel." Matt. 15:6—"You have repealed the law of God to suit your own tradition." (Moffatt)

WARREN I. LYNES, First Baptist, Atlanta, Ill. "We Are Civilized—So What?" Matt. 16:26—"What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul."

ROY H. BROWN, President of Silliman University, Duma guete, Philippine Islands, sends five titles and texts sermons preached to a congregation including nearly 90 students and their American and Filipino professor "The Masterless Multitudes," Mark 6:34—"And h saw the crowds he was moved with pity for them; the were harassed and dejected without a shepherd." (Mo fatt) "Cheating Christians," Mal. 1:8—"How have w cheated Thee?" (Moffatt) "The Tested Christ," Mar 12:15—"Why do ye put me to such a test?" (Good speed) "Sinful Silence," Matt. 12:22—"Then wa brought unto him one possessed with a demon blind an dumb . . . and he healed him . . . insomuch that the dum man spake and saw." (American Revised) "Offered o Approval," Mal. 3:10—"Prove me herewith saith Je hovah." (American Revised)

Blow, Bugle!

BLOW, bugle!
But call us not again to strife,
To deadly battle.
Blow, blow, but waste no mortal's breath
In summoning our lads to death.
No more shall they be driven cattle:
Their war, and ours, is now for life!

Blow, bugle!
Predict the dawn, a friendly world—
For peace our labors!
Blow cheerily, to stay our hopes.
Blow, blow, though mankind blindly gropes.
The lands shall yet be friends and neighbors!
To-morrow, war flags shall be furled.

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

The Event of the Month

DR. CADMAN was a preacher his brother preachers always liked to honor. And now that he is gone a great volume of affectionate tribute is being paid to his memory. He made no enemies, excited little opposition, but moved as by instinct along those ways of good will and fellowship which made him the most *representative* clergyman in America. You can hardly mention a good cause with which he was not allied—if indeed he was not its public symbol. A Jewish magazine prints his picture on its cover and devotes its leading editorial to an encomium on his outstanding contribution to religious tolerance. The New York Times publishes tributes from his colleagues in a dozen organizations which carried his name as a major asset. He was one of the most democratic of personalities. I remember the first time I met him. We were sitting on a davenport in a hotel lobby during a Federal Council meeting. He put his arm around my shoulder, called me by my first name, and said, "Now I want to talk to you, and you are to be as silent as if we were in church." Thereupon he spoke words of appreciation and interpretation of The Christian Century which I draw upon for comfort even to this day. I know that there have been times when The Christian Century irritated him even to the point of making sarcastic comment in public, but—well, maybe we deserved it! Eloquent preachers are none too common today. Since Gunsaulus, Dr. Cadman has stood somewhat alone in his possession of that strange power to lift men's hearts by the lyric and rythmic cadence of exalted speech. Eloquence is a gift which lends itself to great abuse, but in such authentic embodiments as that of Dr. Cadman the human spirit will always respond to it.

The Passing of Doctor Cadman

The Book of the Month

THE CHURCH THROUGH HALF A CENTURY. *Essays in Honor of William Adams Brown, by former students. Edited by Henry Pitney Van Dusen and Samuel McCrea Cavert. Charles Scribner's Sons, $3.00.*

THIS book is more than a personal compliment to a great teacher. It is that, and deservedly so. But it happens that the professional career of William Adams Brown spans the whole period of a great epoch in theological thought. When he began to teach liberalism was beginning to touch theology, and now that he is retiring liberalism is—shall we say retiring? or shall we say passing into a new dimension? Take your choice. I take the latter, but it does not make much difference. The point is that we are in a new theological era. And Dr. Brown has had the rare privilege of helping to make both eras—the one that is passing and the one that is being born. What satisfaction could be vouchsafed to any man comparable to the joy of having been the teacher of such a group of Christian leaders as those who have written this book, even if there were not scores of other former students equally distinguished? This work is plainly a work of love. Dr. Cavert and Dr. A. C. McGiffert, Jr. tell their teacher's biography and bibliography, respectively. Dr. Van Dusen surveys the fifty years of liberalism. I consider this chapter alone worth the price of the book. It can be found in somewhat extended form in the Summer Number of "Religion in Life," where I read it before I took up the book. The chapters by Coffin, Horton, Gilkey, Bennett, Leiper and Bixler are in each case vital interpretations covering such questions as biblical criticism, theology, worship, preaching, education, missions, the social gospel and Christian unity. By all means get this book. It is a delight to read and it leaves a rich deposit of treasure in both heart and mind.

A Thought for the Month

THE congregation has as much to do in determining the effectiveness of a sermon as does the preacher himself. If when you stand before a congregation you can assume that your hearers have some knowledge of the lore of religion, some experience of the reality of religion, and some heritage of loyalty to the institution of religion, you will get one kind of result. But if you cannot assume these things you will get another kind of result. The major problem of contemporary preaching arises from the fact that not one of these primary conditions can be assumed. Modern congregations do not do their part in making the sermon! Our generation has lost contact with the Christian tradition. It knows but little of the lore of religion—the Bible, the great doctrines, the hymns, the poetry, the art, the lives of the church's great men, the history of the church. Certain it is that a congregation relatively unacquainted with the Christian lore greatly narrows the range and richness of the sermon. Our generation has lost, too, the vivid sense of religious experience or conviction which it could once be assumed was either the actual possession or the felt need of every person in the congregation. And the sense of belonging to an institution whose organs were the natural media for the most appropriate and satisfying expression of religious feeling, this cannot now be taken for granted in any congregation. Yet the preacher is highly trained in this Christian tradition—he thinks in terms of it, and his sermon patterns are derived from it. I am not suggesting an apology for ineffective preaching; but while we are trying in all good conscience to improve the sermon, it is no less important that the Christian intelligence and conviction and loyalty of the people who hear the sermon shall be improved by other methods than preaching.

The Listening Congregation

Charles Clayton Morrison

The SUMMER Number of

CHRISTENDOM

now published, contains articles by the following eminent writers:

Christopher Dawson

British historian, philosopher, interpreter of the modern world, author of *The Age of the Gods*, *Progress and Religion*, etc.

"RELIGION AND ROMANTICISM"

Robert Lowrie Calhoun

The Professor of Historical Theology at Yale University continues his discussion with Henry Nelson Wieman.

"HOW SHALL WE THINK OF GOD?"

John T. McNeill

Professor of the History of European Christianity at the University of Chicago.

"THE REVIVAL OF CRUELTY"

Charles Clayton Morrison

Editor of Christendom.

"THE END OF THE PEACE MOVEMENT"

Arthur E. Holt

Professor of Social Ethics at the University of Chicago and Chicago Theological Seminary.

"WESTERN SOCIETY AT THE CROSSROADS"

Hornell Hart

Professor of Social Ethics, Hartford Theological Seminary.

"CHRISTIAN IDEALS AND SEX PROBLEMS"

Philip S. Richards

English classical scholar, author of *Belief in Man*.

"THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHY OF PAUL ELMER MORE"

John McNab

Minister of High Park Presbyterian Church, Toronto.

"WHY I REMAINED A PRESBYTERIAN IN CANADA"

Hugh Vernon White

Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, recently returned from a year's study of mission fields in the East.

"NEW MISSIONARY DIMENSIONS"

• **HALFORD E. LUCCOCK** interprets the current output of fiction in his regular department, "Through the Novelist's Window," and LLEWELLYN JONES contributes his sententious comments on "One Hundred Books of the Quarter." Both departments are regular features of every issue.

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